The Queen.

The queen is the head of the aristocracy. With many of its members, in one way or another, she is allied. A large number of those of ancient lineage quarter the royal arms, very many, it is true, with the bar sinister; but probably a third of the great families of the realm can trace their descent, legitimately or illegitimately, from a former sovereign. In official documents the monarch styles every peer above the rank of baron, "cousin," and the Queen's own children sit in the House of Lords. The Duke of Wellington once refused to pologize to a brother of George IV. for words spoken in that assembly, although the King demanded it, for "there," he said, "we are all poors."

Not a few of the aristocracy are literally cousins of the present Queen. The last King, her uncle, ennobled seven of his illegitimate children, while two others married peers. One of these first cousins was for a long time her Majesty's housekeeper, another her naval aide-de-camp. They are proud of the kinship, too, and sport the royal liveries.

There are connections, however, that Victoria does not recognize. The line seems to be drawn at the descendants of sovereigns. One of the family habitually visits German water ing places with a lady who is not his wife, and duchesses dine with her because of her rela tions with royalty; but the suilled gentle woman never went to Windsor. Her Majest countenances no such conduct in subjects, o whatever degree. It is needless to say that her own life has been a model of purity.

The only marriage with one of her subjects which the Queen has authorized is that of her daughter, the Princess Louise, with the Mar quis of Lorne, eldest son of the Duke of Argyli This was the first that had been sanctioned by ooth Crown and Church since James II mar ried the daughter of Clarendon. Two of the sons of George II., it is true, married into the aristocracy, but the wife was never allowed the precedence of a sovereign's child, and since the time of the Duchess of Cumberland, in 1771, a marriage of one of the royal family has been invalid without the permission of the Crown. The Duke of Sussex, one of the Queen's uncless was married to the daughter of an earl, who neve bore her husband's title, or was received at court; and after that lady's death, he contracted a morganatic marriage, which also gave his wife no rank nor precedence. Yet both were somen of unblemished virtue, and the second was made a duchess, though not with her hus pand's title; the Queen visited her, and the Prince of Wales attended her funeral. She simply could not be admitted to that exalted sphere, reserved for royalty alone, "unmixed with baser matter."

The Queen, however, not only permitted, but made, the marriage of the Princess Louise. If the story universally current is true, the royal maiden returned the regard of her brother' tutor, who had dared to east his eyes so high and there was danger of a contingency entirely contrary to royal etiquette, of a marriage be yond even the morganatic sphere. To prevent a catastrophe so appalling, a place in the Church was given to the tutor, which separated him from the palace, and the hand of the Princess was offered to several of the young nobility in turn, but the distinction was declined, until finally Lord Lorne consented to enter the royal family. The Queen, however, had not foreseen the humiliations which such a connection would impose. When the Duke of Argyll went to pay his first visit at Windsor after the engagement of his son, he ventured to kiss the lady who was about to become his daughter One who was present assured me that the Quee: reddened and drawback with indignation a

Yet her Majesty sanctioned the marriage of the Princess Helena with a prince who alread, had a morganatic wife, and she has just give the youngest of her daughters to another, supposed by royalty to be so far beneath its sphere that the imperial family of Germany refused to present at the coremony. The equinection of the Queen, indeed, range to the very extremi ties of the (royal) social scale. One of her chil dren is married to the son of the greatest of lving potentates, another to the daughter of Czar, while a third accepted a commoner, the mere heir to a dukedom; and the daughter of the late King of Hanover, the granddaughter of George III., the Queen's legitimate cousis is absolutely married to a physician, and what is worse, with her Majesty's approval. I knew a doctor's wife in England whom that Princess visited, and who evidently felt that they both belonged to the profession. Whether she was connected with royalty, or royalty with physic and therefore with hor. I could not tell, but she always put on airs when she talked of the

These social faux pas of the Queen she seem at other times inclined to atone for by a rigorous conformity to etiquette. She received the Shah of Persia as a brother monarch, met him at the threshold of Windsor, and offered her cheek to be kissed by the barbarian because he was a reigning sovereign, though she had shuddered to see her daughter saluted by the MacCallum More. Perhaps she thought the dusky embrace might wipe out the memory of the mesalliance. Then, too, when the late Emperor of the French had reached the purple of perfidy and fraud, she buckled the Garter of the adventurer's knee, although years before she had refused him admission to her cour She even kept up the intimacy after he had Napoleon III. was a frequent visitor a Buckingham Palace during his exile, and the Empress is perhaps the one woman whom the Queen of England has over regarded with the riendship bestowed on equals. With no other growned head has she been on similar terms génie may have been in later days, the career of Mile, de Montijo would certainly have exsluded her from the presence of the English Queen. The future sovereign was visiting in the family of a lady whom I know, when the Emperor's passion became evident; and the satute hostess has told me of the advice she thought it necessary to give her guest. "If never see him alone," she said, " you wil pertainly become an empress." The Spanish beauty beeded the sagacious counsel, and mounted the imperial throne. Once a bishop always a bishop, and having worn a crown the parvenu potentate could not be divested of the divinity that doth hedge even upstart kings and successful usurpers, though the French people had dismissed and dethroned them. At least the superstition lingers in royal minds.

Misfortune, however, in some eyes atones for erime, and the fact that they were failen gave these ephemeral royalties, perhaps, a claim upon their more fortunate sister. The Queen, indeed, has always shown undiminished deference to the mombers of dethronod dynastics The King of Hanover received royal honors in England after his crown was snatched from him by the remorseless Bismarck, and at his death he enjoyed the distinction of a royal funeral. So, too, the Orleans princes during their long exile were always recognized as royal. They, however, were relatives, and entitled to consideration on that score.

But the principle was carried to the extreme in the case of the son of Theodore, his late Majesty of Abyssinia. The British arms had overturned that sabio sovereign, who died in defence of his kingdom, and his son became a prisoner and a pensioner in England. I wa once at a gathering of the clans in the neighborhood of Balmoral, at which Prince Leopold was present and the Prime Minister of the day. They came together, and in the same carriage was the African Prince of the blood. He looked to me like any little negro boy of 9 or 10; but he and his gentleman in waitings he took precedence of the Prime Minister, and he stood on the red carpet reserved for royalty alone.

The Queen still exacts for herself the punctillo of former conturies. Men and women of the highest rank kneel to her to-day; Cabinet Minisisters kiss her hand. She refuses to receive any personal service from a mental, except at table. She never opens a door or directs a letser. Dukes and duchesses closk her in public.

and commoners become "Honorable" for life secause they have waited on her Majesty. At a garden party I have seen a duchess walking behind her to carry a bouquet, or standing at the entrance of a tent while her mistress went within to rest or refresh herself. The sovereign's own daughters arrange her robes when she opens Parliament; the Prince of Wales pays homage as a subject on the same occa sion; her children must be presented at court upon their marriage. In the early part of he reign she was visiting Louis Philippe, then King of the French, at his Chateau d'Eu, and one day asked for a glass of water. It was handed her by a servant, but her Majesty de clined to receive it; whereupon the King diwhich then was graciously accepted.

The ladies and gentlemen in waiting are not expected to sit in the presence of royalty, and countesses and marchionesses get themselves larger shoes because they must stand so long. I knew a personal attendant of the Queen who acted as secretary, a woman of very high rank, and as old as her Majesty, who often, after writing till she was exhausted, asked permission to fluish on her knees. Those who have the honor of dining at Windsor are shown after dinner into a long gallery where there are no seats. and perforce they stand till her Majesty is ready to retire. Then I have seen two duchesses approach and throw a shawl across the shoulders of the Queen, literally acting as mistresses of the robes.

Yet the countesses and duchesses are seldom

willing to surrender their posts. There seems a fascination about the life, in spite of its irksomeness. Many of the same lords and ladies have been in attendance on the Queen for years, and some of them certainly entertain profound affection for her Majesty. Indeed, although at drawing-rooms and on the rare occasions when the Queen is seen in public her demeanor is reserved and her expression al-most stern, all this is changed with individuals. The piain and stout lady, rather dowdily dressed, becomes gracious and winning in the last degree. Her whole face is lighted with the desire to please and the certainty that she succeeds. There is something more than suave or urbane in both smile and bearing, something not exactly of condescension, for the consciouspess of superjority is necessary for this, and it is the consciousness only of her grandeur, not of your inferiority, that she feels and makes you feel-a triumph of manner worthy of the greatest of actresses, or of a queen.

I can speak without prejudice or partiality. for the only opportunity I have had of convers-ing with her Majesty was when I thought I had been treated with discourtesy; but even then the sweetness of her behavior overcame my soreness and subdued my not unnatural resent ment. Her first utterance was to thank me for a book I had sent her seven years before, and which had been acknowledged at the time, and every syllable she spoke was intended to give me pleasure. The acts of the Queen may sometimes seem ungracious, her action, never. I am told.

I was once strongly reminded of the great geniuses of the stage by the mien and deportment of the majesty of England. It was at the opening of the Albert Hall. The building was crowded to its utmost, and the Queen walked down the vast amphitheatre to what may be called the stage, preceded and followed by great dignitaries and accompanied by the Princo and Princess of Wales. When she turned to face the multitude eight thousand people were standing in her honor, and the cheers were deafening. And then there came across her features an expression which it is across her features an expression which it is hardly possible to describe; her face fairly shone with gratification at the loyalty of her people and motherly affection for them in return. She courtesied again and again, lower and lower, exactly like a great across playing a queen who had been called out to receive the plaudits of her audience, but of all the famous mistresses of the stage that I have seen, the women of genins who enraptured nations, none ever surpassed in grace or dignity, at the proudest moments of her mimicry, this real-avereign acknowledging absolute homage.

Adam Badeau. ADAM BADEAU.

NORTH AGAINST SOUTH IN WALES.

From the Cardif Weekly Matt. From the Cardif Weekly Matt.

The term commonly applied by North Wales Welshmen to their distant relations in the South is "Hwntws," In North Wales the Southman is regarded as an alien, whose hybrid automality is in a chrysalis state. Hitherto the Weishmen of the North have preserved their distinctive nationality in a singular degree, and in the more isolated parts of the country they are to-day as essentially Weish in their language and facial cast as they were, in discrebablity, a century or more ago. The Board Schools, it is true, have of late introduced English to the remotest villages of North Wales. Nevertheless, the language of daily life in the "Gogledd" is strictly Weish, and English is spoken under protest, as though its Board Schools, it is true, have of late introduced English to the remotest villages of North Wales. Nevertheless, the language of daily life in the "Goziedd" is strictly Welsh, and English is spoken under protest, as though its use were a crime. Naturally, therefore, an Englishman does not long find a congenial habitat in the remoter villages of North Wales. So, too, the native of South Wales finds no favor in the North. His language is regarded as an innovation, all the more dangerous in that it has the garb of Welsh upon it. For some reason or other, probably owing to the universal depression in trade, the incursions of "hwattes" into the North have been very frequent of late. The Liverpool corporation water works attracted thousands of ablebodied men from all parts of the kingdom, and the "hwattes" for a time were, to the Northman, unpleasantly plentiful in his happy hunting grounds. It is a far cry from Debhigh to Glamorgan, and the Northman regards the South as a remote corner of the globe, a kind of Ultima Thule, whose inhabitants know no language, notther Welsh is almost universally used, the language as a whole is similar, and natives of the four northern counties can converse fluently and intelligibly with each other. But wose betide the "hwntw" who walks into the company of Northmen and attempts a conversation in Welsh—his nationality is revealed in a moment.

Suppose, for instance, that a couple of "Shonies" on tramp from the Rhondda Valley to the cost fleids of Buabon were to drop in suddenly upon a company of North Wales Welshmen, ponderously onjoying their beer in a village inn, say in the neighborhood of Liangolien. The contrast will be strikingly apparent to the most casual observer. There is something in the "hwntw" that brands him a foreigner to North Wales, His cap is not correct; his trousers, with the usual sit and three buttons at bottom, is an innovation; there is something in the "hwntw" that brands him a foreigner to North Wales, His cap is not correct; his trousers, with the usual sit

dom recognizes a stranger either by word or by that knowing twist of the head which does duty in South Wales for a nod of recognition or of couriesy.

It is not too much to say that the Welsh of South Wales, of Glamorganshire, more especially, is far less intelligible to Northmen than English. It has even come within the writer's experience to find a roomful of farm laborers, whose language among themselves was exclusively Welsh, asking a coule of South Wales men-they were from Tredegar—to address thom in English, as they could not converse with them in their language. The Northman seldom uses any catch word except vale, and his Welsh is slowly and correctly uttered, intelligible to any one acquainted with the few peculiarities of dialect in different counties. Ho seldom or never employs an English word to spress himself. The "cart" and "wheeldar" of the Southman are met by the "tro" and "berfa" of the Northman are met by the common expressions in South Wales as "Fiormac rinew!"—'How is the road?" 'Yr wyf well emplo"—'I have finished," and Dero nase. "Yr wyf well emplo"—'I have finished," and Dero nase. "Yr wyf well darfod" for the other, and "Tyred alian" for the third. The volubility of one, "Yr wyf well darfod" for the other, and "Tyred alian" for the third. The volubility of the Southman too, is a esuse of great annorance to the Northman, whose speech, like that of Moses, is decidedly slow, and what with the lawly mutto" and "du catto ni" of the hour want he cannot gata word in "edgewars. Hence arises pendeut, saw, maire, and aliancharitableness toward the "hwntw," and not unsommonly the Northman endeavors to stop with his fist the volubility of poor Taffy from the South whose only fault has been that he spoke too much in a given time, and so transgressed the customs and traditions of the North. In conclusion, if any Welshmen from the South are contemplating an excursion to the North in quest of work, let them cause on the threshold and ponder well the step, for just new Taffy is the North is a bit nasty, a

SOME NEW BOOKS. Higginson's History of the United States.

By rewriting and very much expanding his vell-known "Young Folks' History of the United States," published some years ago. Col. r. W. Hioginson has given us an entertaining and really useful book, which fills a place not ecupied by any of the narratives of more exended scope and higher pretensions. It s true that the range and purpose of this composition are not exactly indicated by the title, History of the United States, for it is rather an attempt to bring out, by fresh and lively description, certain aspects of the theme over-looked by the best known of American histoians, than a consecutive and exhaustive deineation of the society and types of governmen developed in the English settlements on this side of the Atlantic. Having for the most part gained his own knowledge at first hand, the author has observed how many topics are sug gested by the prerovolutionary epoch which Mr. Bancroft, for example, deems it needless to descant upon, yet which excite a good deal of rational curiosity. Col. Higginson essays to satisfy this curiosity, and as the space at his disposal is but narrow-the present volume contains some 450 pages—he contents himself with very summary allusions to the familiar features of his subject, to those political and military events which form the staple of the standard narratives. His book, in other words

is not a repertory of facts collected for the use of

the constitutional lawyer, the politician, or the

political economist. But there is in it so much

novelty and animation, and it is so lavishly

embellished with authentic portraits and real-

istic illustrations, that even the novel reade

will take it up without misglying and turn over

its pages with avidity. The thoroughly unconventional treatment which gives vitality and attractiveness to subjects commonly regarded as outworn, will be indicated by the fact that nearly a third of this column is devoted to things antecedent to the first English settlement at Jamestown, while only another third is allotted to the history of the American people from the adoption of the Constitution to the close of Lackson's Administration. By this compression of the themes which are usually expounded at much length by the historian the author is enabled to give a ong chapter to "The First Americans," which, of course, he means the red men of all grades of elevation, and another chapter to the iscovery of America by the Northmen, which he recognizes as an incontrovertible fact. We bserve, by the way, that Col. Higginson makeno allusion to the alleged discovery of Mexico y Hwui Shan and his Buddhist companions in the early part of the fifth century. Yet the ourney of the Buddhist missionary seems hardly less verified to-day than did the visit of the Vikings when Mr. George Bancroft began the composition of his history. What distinguishes the author's account of the American aborigines from the position taken by the larger histories is his disposition to accept as probable though, as headmits, not yet completely proved) the Morgan theory, which makes all the tribes and communities of red men of which specimens or vestiges have been encountered on his continent (the Esquimaux alone excepted) offshoots of one and the same primeval stock. The Iroquois, the Nachez, the mound builders the Nahuas of the valley of Mexico, and the Mayas of Central America differed only, so it is contended as exhibiting different grades of barbarism, and, notwithstanding the highly colored stories of the Spanish conquerors and the extravagant inferences of some modern explorers from a narrow or shallow survey of the evidence, not a single aboriginal people had develped a veritable civilization. The fortified stake village of the Five Nations, the mound of the Ohio valley, the so-called palaces of Monte tuma's capital and of Yucatan, were so many

arieties of the communal dwelling which surrives in the pueblos of Arizona and New Mexico. Col. Higginson sets forth the bearing of the latest evidence on behalf of this hypothesis collected by Mr. Bandeller, and he makes a strong impression on the eye by placing side by side ground plans of a stake viliage, of a mound, and of a pueblo. He is, nevertheless, alive to the shortcomings of the evidence for the Morgan theory, considered as a universal solvent of American archeological problems. We may grant that the correlated facts point forcibly to an idenilleation of the red men of the Atlantic slope with the mound builders, with the pueblo Indians, and with the Aztecs, who were confess edly late comers in Anahuac; but, even if they account for the civilization or much higher grade of barbarism which the Azteca found in the valley of Mexico, they do not bridge the striking interval between the Arizona pueblos and the ruins of Uxmal and Paianque. It is because Col. Higginson admits the weakness of the Morgan assumption in this particular with a candor not niways evinced by the advocates of the ingenious hypothesis that he is justified in propounding it at all in a narrative professedly historical. Our own opinion is that a thorough investigation by men like Mr. Bandelier, at once competent and skilful, would be likely to reconcile with the Morgan hypothesis the architectural and

sculptural remains in Yucatan and in the valley of Cuzco. We know already that the organic principle of Inca society was State socialism. It is not to be expected that any two of his enders will be altogether satisfied with Col. Higginson's eclectic method. For ourselves we should have thought that if the Federal Convention and the Constitution which it formed deserved mentioning at all, a more definite account of the compromises it in-volved would have been deemed essential. Thus, too, with the questions involved in the Kentucky resolutions which affirmed the right of secession, while many of the Constitution framers were yet alive to be appealed to; these can hardly be disposed of with the single colthet "injurious," nor is it quite clear to anti-Federalists that they were reduced to an absurdity by the Hartford Convention. Inasmuch as the author discinius any purpose of writing a constitutional history, it would perhaps have been more scrupulously impartial to have made his cursory references to crucial controersies absolutely colorless. But the man must be exacting who will not, on the whole, accisim the writer's fairness and liberality

The sketches of Jefferson and Jackson are as necurate and appreciative as we have any reason to expect from one whose preposses sions are congenitally Federalist. One of the most valuable and pleasing foatures of this narrative is the careful delineation of the social refinement and luxury which existed in New England for about half a century before the Revolutionary war, and which were followed by a marked decadence in manners and mode of living through the almos universal emigration of the Tory gentry. Readers of the novels and short stories iate Edmund Quincy have had their attention directed to this curious social metamorphosis, whose extent and significance Col. Higgins on has here demonstrated by evidence. He shows that before the outbreak of the Revolution there was far less difference in the social stratification of the New England and of the Southern colonies than is commonly supposed Among the magnates of Massachusetts or of Narraganset Bay the mode of living was quite as sumptuous and profuse as that of the tobacco lords of tidewater Virginia. and, owing to requirements of climate, their dwellby Col. Higginson seem decisive on this point. The stone house of the Lee family at Marbiehead cost £10,000; the house of Godfrey Malbone at Newport cost £20,000; the Wentworth house at Portsmouth had fifty-On Tory row in Cambridge were two rooms." seven large houses, whose inmates, according to the Baroness Riedesel. "lived in the greatest luxury." Robert Hazard of Narraganset "con gratulated himself on the small limits to which he had reduced his household, having only seventy in parlor and kitchen." The Rhode Island land owners kept up "their famous breed of Narraganset pacers for fox hunting habit of going "to Virginia to ride their own horses at races, and kept open house for the Virginia riders in return." Another suggestive

neident: "Bowland Robinson, another Narraave not servants enough; go fetch me some rom Guinea.' Upon this the master of a small packet of twenty tone, belonging to Mr. Robinon, fitted her out at once, set sail for Guinea. and brought home eighteen slaves, one of whom was a King's son. His employer burst into tears on their arrival, his order not having een seriously given." As for the tears-creda Judgus Apella. We are not told that the weepng Robinson sent the blacks home to Africa. In brief, Col. Higginson brings out with deirable distinctness an antithesis too often verlooked or intentionally softened. The American uprising meant one thing in Virginia and something very different in New England. "When the war of independence came, it made no social change in the Southern provinces, but it made a social revolution in the Northern provinces." The latter part of this statement needs some qualificaion. The revolution was much less marked in New York than in New England, owing to the adoption of the Whig cause by the Livingstons, Van Rensselaers, and Schuylers, impelled possibly to some extent by their jealousy of the De Lanceys. On the other hand, for some reason, perhaps only for the greater nearness to Nova Scotia, the gentry of New England took the loyal side and fled, while the gentry of Virginia fell in with the new movement, becoming its leaders." The result was that the pre-revolutionary social order "subsisted in Virginia, though constantly decay ing," up to 1860, whereas the war for indeendence "transferred the leadership of New England to a new race of young lawyers."

What Malthus Really Said.

It would be a piece of impertinence to offor us a summary or interpretation of "The Wealth of Nations." for Adam Smith devoted a great many years, after his powers were fully ripe, to the elaboration and definition of his ideas. He know precisely what he meant to say, and how to say it. This cannot be affirmed of many writers on political economy and assuredly it cannot be averred of Malthus. His celebrated doctrine of the relation of population to food was, indeed, distinctively mooted in his first essay on the subject in 1798, but it received innumerable qualifications, applicaions, and corollaries in the five succeeding editions through which it passed during his lifetime. These new editions were virtually new books, devoted, on the whole, to the enforcement and development of the same fundamental proposition, but incidentally intended to parry or reconcile the criticisms with which the author was buffeted on every side. He never surrendered his main position, but he was compelled incessantly to shift his point of view and the direction of his argument in order to meet attack. There is, in short, no modern writer who more urgently requires the services of a condenser and excounder. Since, moreover, his attitude was controversial from the beginning to the end, it s indispensable to a comprehension of his ext that it should be presented with its context; that, in other words, we should be told or reminded of what his predecessors and opponents said.

There is another reason why a book about Maithus seems Indispensable, sithough he has left us many a volume of his own. It was eviient, even in his lifetime, that people would not read him, though they were swift enough o denounce the doctrine they imputed to him, out which was, to a large extent, of their own imagining. If we except the first tentative Essay on Population." which was invishly embellished with metamphors and similes, and which was highly captivating from a literary point of view, not one of his writings was in the east calculated to attract a popular audience After the early venture just mentioned, the author deliberately and rigorously eschewed Ine writing for high thinking, with the result that many even of his philosophical antagonists were more than once constrained to admit that they had never read the books they essayed to combat. If this were true of such men as William Nassau Sontor, we can easily understand why the most preposterous misconceptions of "Malthusianism" rent in the lifetime of Malthus and have come lown to our day. Since, therefore, it is as true now as it was three-quarters of a century ago when Miss Martineau remarked it) that not one in a thousand of those who take his name in vain have so much as seen the outside of any of his books, it is certainly desirable that some one should assume for the present generation the expository function which Miss Martineau discharged for a former one, and should try to tell us in a incid, concise, and pleasing way what Maithus really said. Above all, it is but help his fellowmen and who has powerfully served them, should be freed from any trace of responsibility for the hideous distortions of his views which are encountered in the Nec Maithusian heresies and in the practices of the

Onolda Cemmunity. We welcome, tuen, the book called Maithus and his Work, by JAMES BONAR, an American reprint of which has been published by the Harpers in their "Handy Series." This is one of the most efficient and admirable performances called out by the recent loud demand for 'the popularization of science. Both parts of the dual work undertaken by the expounder are well done. He has first made a comprehensive and minute analysis of the doctrines of Malthus, as they are deducible from many different treatises and many successive editions the same ossay-editions that are, as we have said, so many distinct dissertations. The re sults of this analysis are then, synthetically exhibited with remarkable clearness and vivacity each principal position and its supports be ng made to stand out clearly before the reader's eye by contrast with the circumtances which evoked them, and the animal

versions which in turn they provoked. With this book of Mr. Bonar's made so cheap as to be purchasable by every one, it should henceforth be impossible for the vulgar misconceptions regarding Malthus to hold their ground in this country. It will henceforth be impossible for persons otherwise intelligent to express abhorrence of Maithus as I he had looked with complacency on war pestilence, famine, vice, and misery as useful positive checks upon over-population, or as if in his advocacy of preventive checks, he had recommended or tolerated a recourse to expedients detestably immoral. Maithus has indeed demonstrated that it is the tendency of population to press incessantly upon the tood supply; that this tendency, unarrested, will involve any given human society in suffering and ruin, and that it is therefore the duty of intelligent human beings to arrest it by all the awful checks at their command. Undoubtedly, the picture of the Sisyphus-like fate of mankind unfolded in the first published essay was a depressing one, but, as Mr. Bonar shows, the cloud was lifted by the second disquisition. The latter tells us that "On the whole, the power of civilization is greater than the power of population; the pressure of the people on the food is less in modern than it was in ancient times or the middle ages; there are now less disorder, more knowledge, and more temperance. The merely physical checks are falling into a subordinate position." Physical checks are here divided into two kinds positive and preventive. Positive checks are war, postlience, famine, which cut down an existing population. Vice and misery, on the other hand, act both positively and preventively. Misery thins out an existing population, and, by the dread of transmitting or encountering it, prevents many a marriage, and thus keeps a new population from growing up. Vice also may act in both ways—positively, as in child murder; preventively, as in the scheme suggested by Condorcet, denounced by Malthus, but recommended by the Nec-Malthusians. These are not the only checks. Malthus would be open to the reproaches that have rained on him for almost a century had he stopped here. For "in civilized society the forces of both order and progress are arrayed against vice and misery, their two common enemies; and if we recognize no third check, the argument that war, postilence, famine, which cut down an ex-

was used against Godwin's ideal society holds against all society; its very purification will ruin it by forbidding vice and misery to check the growth of population, and by thereby permitting the people to increase to excess. There is, however, a third check which Maithus knows under the title of moral restraint." The moral restraint advised by Malthus is a distinct form of preventive check, and is not to be confused with an impure celibacy, which falls under the head of vice. Moral restraint, in the pages of Malthus, means simply continence; it is an abstipence from marriage followed by no irregularities. For the social evils engendered the tendency of population to press upon the food resources Maithus had but one cure argument and instruction. "The thorough enlightenment of the people, which includes their moral purification as well as their intelsectual instruction, is to complete the work o mending all, in which men are to be fellow workers with God." Such was the plous conviction, such the benignant outcome of the teachings of the misrepresented Maithus. And again: "It seemed to Malthus that in the world of to-day the many conditions of a steady moral progress are best secured if the demestic and civic virtues preceds the cosmopol tan. A comfortable domestic life must be the common highway to goodness in a society of ordinary men. Extreme poverty is a real nin drance to goodness. In the apparent exceptions, as in the voluntary poverty of Saint Francis, the greatest evil is absent, for there is no struggle for bare life. To abolish that strug gle and help men to comfort is, in some degree to help men to goodness, and it was the end for which Malthus labored. The most sure and solid way of reaching it lay, as he thought, in impressing every man with a strong sense of his individual responsibility. To reform a nation we must reform the members of it, who, if they are good at first, in spite of their institutions, will at last conform their institutions to the model of their own virtues. * * * The doctrine of Malthus is, therefore, a strong ap peal to personal responsibility. He would make men strong in will to subdue their anima wants to their notion of personal good and personal goodness, which he believed could neve fall to develop into the common good and goodness of all. Believers in the omnipotence of outward circumstances and the nowerlessness of the human will to alter them or the human character, may put Malthus beyond the pale of sympathy," But, with Mr. Bonar's book before them, this will be cenfter not be done by those

who believe in man's power to improve himself and conquer nature. Maithus reached his proposition touching the relation of population to food by a process of deductive reasoning. In his second essay he undertook to prove that the same conclusion could be supported by induction from an exhaustive array of verified facts. To this end he makes a careful examination of the economical condition of ancient and modern communities, including, of course, those pertaining to the hunting and pastoral, as well as to the agricultural type. Of all the countries surveyed by him none have since his death so urgently invited study from his point of view as France and Ireland. To some of the questions raised by the stationary population of France, and by the rapidly decreasing population of Ireland, Mr. Bonar has been naturally impelled to give a dood deal of attention, though he has not been able, in the compass of this small volume, to discuss them with the thoroughness that could be wished for.

Mr. D. T. Curtis is the author of "The Nazarene and Other Rhymes," didactic in purpose and conceived in a

"The Dark House" (Harper's Handy Series), by G.

Manville Fenn, is a story of the sensational order, full of intrigue, robbery, murder, and mystery. D. Appleton & Co, have usued a popular edition of 'The Money Makers," a novel of American life which attracted considerable attention when it first appeared. In "Two Grav Tourists" (Baltimore Publishing Company) are recorded the European travels of Philemon Perch and Major James Rawles of Todd's Mill, Georgia Perent and Major sames exacts of 1001 s and, reorgan-The descriptive pertons are commonplace, and the con-versation with which these gentlemen relieve the tedi-um of travel is maither wise nor witty. The Serinores publish a volume of "Serinors on the Christian Life," by Dr. John De. Witt, Professor of

Church History in the Lane Theological Seminary. They were written and preached when the author was a pastor, and are not discussions of doctrine, but discourses on various aspects and elements of human life.

The Society for Political Education has published a carefully prepared hand book cutified "References to the History of Presidential Administrations," which will prove of value to students of American political history Not a single source of legitimate information seems to have been overlooked by the compiler, who has drawn with especial fulness from periodical and biographical literature. Under each administration appears a brief summary of the matters which occupied its attention

Roses of Shadow " (it. Scribner's Sons) is the rather unsatisfactory title which Mr. T. R. Suilivan gives to s story of considerable power, where of the scene is laid in Boston. To many persons unacquainted with manners and customs in the American Athens, the diversions o the Agean Club, as described by Mr. Smilyan, will afford an una election surprise; in other sight particulars also the local coloring scene not to nearbirly correct. But the story never flaga in interest, and several of the characters are original in conception and eleverly developed

It is not exactly a Boston story, but it is a very readable one, and the author is expable of better work. Henry C. Sheidon, Professor of Historical Theology in Poston University, is the author of a "History of Chris tian Doctrine" (2 vols. Harpers), which exhibits a wide range of reading, and considerable knowledge of patris-tic and scholastic literature and the works of modern commentators His subject is treated under five per ods, viz . From the close of the Apostolic age (A. D. Wite. 320, from 320 to 720, from 720 to 1517, from 1517 to 1720, and from 1720 to 1885. Each of these, he says, has its istinguishing characteristic, the first being designated as the Age of Apology, the second as the Age of Polemres, the third as the Age of Scholasticism, the fourth as the Age of Confessions, and the fifth as the Age of Strife and of Atlempted Reconciliation. Within each period the factors in the development of the period, the Godhead as therein regarded, creation and creatives, Redeemer and redemption, the Church and the sacra-ment, and exchatology, as affected by the moral and intellectual spirit of the age, are clearly, if somewhat concisely, treated.

LIFE AT WEST POINT.

Cines Standing No Criterion by which to

dudge of Milliary Ability. "It is impossible to judge of a person's military ability by his standing at West Point," said an old cadet yesterday. "If a young fellow is a trifle careless and forgets to invert his wash bowl a few dozen times a year, and goes to parade with a spot on his trousers, or with his boots unblacked, he may pile up demerits that will give him a poor place in his class, though he may have a good standing in his studies. The boys who avoid any kind of fun that might lead to black marks are far from favorites at West Point.

"One cadet, who spent the last two months of his eadet life in light prison, was found at graduation to have more than 100 demorits for the preceding six months. He passed his examination in studies, but his deficiencies in discipline caused his discharge. Had it not been for them he would have stood second in a class of sixty. He managed to get an appoint-

class of sixty. He managed to get an appointment in the army from civil life, and is now a Leutenant of infantry.

"The opportunities for being reported for breaches of discipline at West Point are very numerous. There are a dozen chances during the day for him to get a bad mark for being the day for him to get a bad mark for being tate. At the inspection of quarters the cadet gets demerite it he as found in his room ceatiess, it the fitor is dirty. If his overceat hangs on the second half in the alcase, or if the shell packet has changed places with the night shirt. The wash bowl must be bottom up, the scap dish clean, the water pair full, and towels immagulate.

PORTRY OF THE PERIOD.

Granteg Old. From the Toronto Week. What is it to grow old? Is it to lose the giory of the form, The lustre of the eye? Is at for leastly to forego her wreath? Yes, but not this alone.

Is it to feel our strength. Not our bloom only, but our strength, decay? Not our bloom only, but our strength, dec is it to feel each limb Grow stiffer, every function lave exact, " Each nerve more loosely strung?

Yes, this, and more: but not,
Ah' its not what in youth we dreamed 'twould be.
It's not to have our life
Nectowed and softened as with sunset-glow,
A golden day's decline.

'Tis not to see the world As from a height, with rapt prophetic eyes, and heart profoundly sitred: And weep, and feet the follows of the past, The years that are no more.

It is to spend long days
And not once feel that we were ever young;
It is in add, immured
In the het prison of the present, mouth
To month with weary pain. It is to suffer this. And feel but thaif, and feebly, what we feel. Deep in our hidden heart Feeters the dult remembrance of a change; But no embron, more

Rut no embland.

It is, last stage of all.

When we are frozen up within, and quite.

The phantom of curseives.

To hear the world appared the hollow ghost,

Which blamed the living man.

Matthew Arnold.

Yearning for the End. From the Philadelphia Record. Breathe soft and low, O whispering wind, Alove the tangled grasses deep,

Above the tangind grasses deep, Where those who loved me long ago Forgot the world and fell seleep. No towering shaft, or acultitured urn, tre mansoreum a simply pride. Tells to the currous passer-by Their virtues, or the time they died.

I count the old, familiar names,
O'ergrown with mess and lichen gray,
Where langled birs and creeping vine
Aerose the crumbing tablets array.
The summer sky is softly blue.
The birds still sing the sweet, old strain;
But something from the summer time
Is gone, that will not come again.

So many voices have been hushed.
So many songs have ceased for aye,
So many hands I used to tend.
Are fooled over hearts of care.
The noisy world receives from me:
I crave to hear its praise or b.ame;
The mosay markles echo lack. The mossy marbles echo linek
No hollow sound of empty fame.

I only know that calm and still.
They assep beyond life's who and wall,
Beyond the fleet of salling clouds,
Hayond the shadow of the vale.
I only feel that, they and worn,
I halt upon the highway bare,
And gaze with yearning cycle beyond
On heids that being supposing fair.

The Comtor of the King. From the Advocate and Guardian.

" They shall see the King in his beauty." They shall see the Kinr in its issuit,"
All day long we watched and waited,
Walled at our derling's side,
Wille for fraithers sowly drifted
We find wept in hitrary and the
We find wept in hitrary and the
We find by a well with intraine tears,
White our hearts drew back affigured,
Looking down the housemen years.
All in vain our tears and preading,
All in vain our tears and preading.
We could only watch and disten
For the coming of the King.

For the coming of the King.
On the terror of the coming
Of the crim and glassity foe!
Oh the shrkness of the pathway
Where one durings feet must go!
Of the crim and glassity foe!
Of the crim and the c

At the comms of the King I
Came he solumnly and slowly
As a lord who claims his own,
Touched the white hands clasped together,
And they grew as cold as stone.
Subtlemy the blue grew minute with fear,
In their desirbs in solemn rapture
Faith and hope were shume clear.
Did site see the golden portals?
Hear the somes the blessed over!
"Perfect peace," she softly nurmured,
At the coming of the king.

At the country of the king.

When the days are long and longly.

Summer days most weet and fair.

When we gather in the glountly of the state of the

Moonlight.

From the Benner Pribane Republican. The night is calm and lovely,
And the monolight over all
Shines on the thin, rank gravees
And the lines pale and tail.

It turns the brook to sliver.

Beyond me in the distance
is the city of the deat;
Rocalmy they are sleening,
I gaze without a dread Or fear of their awaking: The sours of eifin children tirowing faint and fainter will.

At last the singing consest With the investo incombant shining On the little pale and tall. Hatter

The Song of the Chicagos. From the Chicago Tribune,

Should you ask me whence this legend, Whence the story of the autumn. I would answer. I would fell you. The he some of How we you here, Of the Kirkerpoon, the modest, and the beasters, the Manhatians. In the land of the Forkmakans, Close health the light water. Considering the log little water.

From the East came the Manhattana,
From the land of Kvickertockiah,
Came with mighty talk from Mutrie,
This lagin, the great bonster,
Swying: We will teach those copieta,
Feelle griphers of the practic.
How to wield the heavy willow,
Teach them what the game of builty,
Ne will lumble the Poramokane.
Then the wise men, the Poramokane.
Then the wise men, the Poramokane.
For an end to all this tonescase, strip them of their word they winner,
strip them of their gands winner,
More them what the game of builts?

Most them what the game of builts?

Show them what the game of pair is?"

And the Kicker poos, the young man, Nine reinctant, modest, young men, Singgled with the proof Monthatians, Took the twister. Hardiogeton, And the curre, the Paraixon, Set them inward, sent them onward, With the flight of bird of swiffness, Of the groups, the Montkolass, Or the frome, the Montkolass, Or the frome, the Sintisdaniegal, Passed it for many three.

Passed it for many three.

Sent the Swiffness, Dissyeutral, And the five, the Swiffness wiffness, I may three flowers, I may three flowers of the force of the forc

would be burrying on to catch him And the Kuker power toe young med. In the need were like the pantier. Swift and did not show the sounder. Swift and did not show the statement, should be supported in the med were the swiftly belief them backward to the back And the lines. Horsestimater, Hurled them backward to the back as the lightning sends its hashes hang detred there the proud Manhattans, Staughtered inten as they were running. Took their sealps and all their wampuin. And the overweening Matrice.

This landed, the great boaster. Saw the fary syste of Faingus, the saming at the in the semicline.

From the land of Knickerhokan.

From the lawl of Kujkerhokah
Came a senior of famouration;
Where there exists
Where the famouration;
Where was a non-within their majors
But, needed the law burn where majors
But, needed the law burn where majors
In the indices of the wine, exVillage of the wise Perkinskaha
Greatest of reserts for summer),
There was sting the song of triumph,
And the Kuszer, jours, the young men,
Danced the scalp-dance, tantihetownred,

"Can it be the sun descending
O'er the level plain of waver.
Or the field dwan dusting, dwing,
relating all the waver with grinison?"
No. 113 the bright reduction
of the pennant, its amplitudals.
Gleaning on the lake's time surface
in the laid of the Proximakalis,
In the laid of the Proximakalis.

Prom the floaton Transcript, I, too, have a swo-theart. Pray cease jour deciding: You were enging use night, "Love can never gro Do you tounk just because my old pull is so frosty My pulses are sluggish, my heart has grown cold? Well, wall, laugh away, I care not for your jeering.
I have my one sweetheart, my damniest dear;
When she comes through the meadow grass singing

The birds cease their carolling only to hear. The grasses wave round her, the blossoms how to her, All dooms her hourses all abseng her tree! All wild Jund creatures in woodlant; teer eas. Lose fear at her counting and loars their rote at. She is rich, and her wealth without stor, without meas

She wears in her tresses' bright shimmering gold; She has pears, whitest pearls, and her red dips disclose When the amiles chase the dimples her rosy cheeks hold.

With evelule haif shut, I can see she's debating As to whether! sleep, with a comical quiz: I same, and lear white arms fly up may termiling. And her face is laid alose to my wrinkled oid phiz Oh, she is my awastheart, my merriest of maidons, And how much I have ber I never can say; She's my darling, my pride, and my life's greatest bless

Her age! Do you sak it? She is six come next May.

GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

A New Chapter in the History of the Trrunn and the Joslyn Foud. Farmer Truman of Kentucky was up an apple tree the other day, band-picking a choice lot of seek-no-furthers, when along came Farmer Josiyn. As Farmer Josiyn had a shotgun with him, a careless observer might have reasoned that he was out gunning for quall. There was nothing of the careless observer about Farmer Truman, however. He didn't tumble from the tree right away, but he

> halted in his picking and called out: After me, oh ?"

'Jist so, naybur!" Well, I was sort o' expecting you, but not quite so early. Is this the same old feud-the one; tarting over a line fence 48 years ago?" Yes, the same old thing which has caused the deaths of three Trumans and four Jos-

did tumble to Farmer Joslyn's errand, and he

"Oh. I didn't know but something new had come up. Say, naybur, I'll be down in just a "I know you will, and you'll probably come

head fust! I've come over this morning to shoot another Truman, and kinder even up

"But I ain't armed. My shotgun is in the

"That's all the better fur me, naybur!" "But you'll give me a lew minutes in which to say my prayers?"
Oh, as to that, I don't mind 'lowing you three or four minits, though I'm in a hurry to git back home and go to cutting corn. Go ahead,

git back home and go to cutting corn. Go anead, naybur."

Farmer Truman settled himself in a crotch and seemed to be praying, while Farmer Josilyn kept an eye on him, and impatiently waited to catch the concluding amon." He was in this atate of mind when a hole about as large as his arm was bored through him from back to front, and a boy of fourteen came running up and called out:

"Pop! are you up there?"

"Yes, my son."

"I saw he had the bulge on you, and I got the gun and dropped him!"

Right, my boy. That's what I was praying for."

for."

"How many Joslyns does this make?"

"Five. We've only two more to kill off to weed out the lot."

"We'l. I'll tell one of the niggers to go over and see if the family want the body. Good-by. pa. I shall be late to school."

"Grood-by, my son. Always strive to be a good boy if you want success in life."

The Wrong Customer Again Disturbed.

He was the greenest old man you ever saw. He looked around the passenger coach in a way to prove that he had never entered one before, and he sat down so softly, and seemed to be so afraid of damaging something, that all the passengers smiled.

By and by a young man went over and sat down beside him. This young man might have been directed by fillal affection, and he might "Which way, uncle?" he softly asked. "Me? Oh, I'm goin' to see my darter in Con-

necticut." "Ever travel much ?" "This is the first time I was ever on the keers. I've driv off seventeen miles with the exen to see my other darter, but exen haint no

comparison to these keers.' "I should say not. It takes a lot of money to go to Connecticut and back."

Drefful lot, but I jist sold the farm, you know." "I presume you could change a hundred-

dellar bill for me?"
On, jist as well as not."
"I may want you to by and by. This is good "Strarilinary weather fur fall. James has been worried about his corn, but I guess it's all

been worried about his corn, but I guess it's all said.

Nothing further was said for some time, the old man looking out of the window and the young man reading a paper. The train made a few stops, and the car was so warm that after a white the old man began to yawn and nod. He fought it off for son minutes, but at last his head foil back, and his gentle snores mingled with the roar of the wheels.

A slim white hand, with tapering fingers, cested on his leg; then it was elevated to his broast. Its touch was that of a feather. Its movement was that of a serpent creeping forward to strike. The fingers touched an old-dashioned wallet. The young man continued to read, and the old man slept on. Inch by inch the wallet was life-1 from its snug resting place, and the hand was almost ready to remove it entirely, when something happened. With a sudden mercomont of his right hand the old man planed the interloper fast, and his vides was learned calling:

"You blamed skunk! But I knowed all the time what you were after! Where's the conductor!"

time what you were after! Where's the conductor!"

There was a rush of passengers, and they found a helpless, confused pickpocket and an indignant, but yet elated old man.

Consarn his picktur, but he took me fur an ale haystack from a back medder! Work roots on me, will ve! Sot a trap fur me and fell into it verself, eh?"

Even a professional pickpocket hadn't check enough to urge a single exense. The follow hadn't one blessed word to say, and was walked off to the baggage car to be kicked to the platform at the next station.

Ye see, 'said the old man, as he turned to the inquiring passengers, "I hadn't orter done it. When a man has bin constable, Sheriff, or drover all his days, travellin' all over and meetin' with all sorts of folks, he hadn't orter play off greenhorn and break a young man's heart like this, but I fell sort o' rockless this mornin'. I must put a curb on my specifis; I'm gettin' too old to be playin' jokes on conf-din' young men!"

The Melancholy Betalls of a Vain Attemp'.

The Melancholy Botalls of a Vain Attempt, When Abraham Jewett of Mitchell county.

Indiana, was called before the Coroner's jury he removed his cap, made an awkward scrape of his foot, and began: "Well, me'n Bill took a job of blowin' up 76 stumps for 'Squar' Davis, and we was to get 40

cents a stump. We was to get half cash and half store pay out o' John Sloan's grocery. Do you foller?" Go ahead, Abe," said the Coroner.

"I was for burnin' them stumps up, but Bill wanted to show off and be the big toad in the puddle, and so he says we've got to use powder

puddle, and so he says we've got to use powder cartridges. They has 'em on purpose to blow up stumps, you know. When Bill got his eyes sot in a sartin direction a yoke o' oxen couldn't move 'em, and I had to give in on the cartridges. I reckon you foller?"

'Go on, Abe."

'Well, we got the cartridges. There was printed directions to be read, but Bill throwed om away and went ahead on his own hook. He said if he didn't know 'nuff to blow up a stump he wanted to die and be an angel right off. If he's up that now, tootin' away on his little harp, I dunne. Reckon you foller?"

'We got an orger and bered a hole in a stump, and Bill bossed around with his hat on his ear and his stomach puffed out. You'd a thought he owned the hull county. He sent me after a mallet, and I might have gone twenty rode when I heard an exploshun. Are we follerin' me?"

'Go on."

'I looged around, and I saw Bill goin' head over heels into the air. He went up about thirty feet, pawed around fur a spoil and then

"Hooked around, and I saw Bill goin' head over heels into the air. He went up about thirty feet, pawed around fur a spoil, and then came down like a load of brick. I run fur him, but he was no more on this earth. That is, he was on this earth just 'nuff, but his speerit had got up and humped itself fur 'tother world. Do ye briler?"

"We do."

"That 'ore exploshun exploded afore he got ready, I recken. He was a said object to behold, I borrowed a clew oil his plug of tobacco, and then went to his house and broke the sad news to his widder. I am bound to say she saked me to have a glass of cider, and freated me like a lady, and that her grief would have meited a heart of stone. I am 45 years old, live in this county and State, and in the midst of life was are in death. That's all I know about how Bill licekwood come to git exploded up by powder while blowin' upsiumps at forty cents splece, and may we meet hevon! the skies. Who follers me out after a drink?"

A Tough Case,

After beating a Horse Heads lawyer gown to \$3 "for a few words of opinion," an old farmer stated his case as follows: "I sold a feller 100 bushels of cider apples for twenty cents a bushel, and now cider apples

has gone and riz to thirty. Kin I legally back "No, you can't. The only thing you can do is to give him all the windfulls and wormy fruit." That's what makes me so hoppin' mad, you know, I don't believe I all skeer up over bea husheld of sich fruit. Hain't there any legal way to Induce the words to come in on the other ninety? The lawyer will probably try to find some plan to help him out on.

The Retort Courteous.

" My dear fellow," says an Indiana Sheriff to his prisoner. "I must apologize to you for the sunitary condition of this juit. Several of the prisoners are down with the measures, but I assure you that it is not my fault."

Ob. no excuses," rendies the prisoner. "It was my intention to break out as soon as possible, any way."